

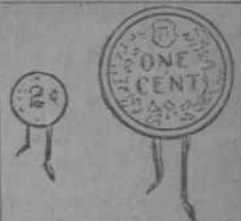
The First Newspaper
Was printed on a press like the one in this illustration. Space will not permit pictures of the JOURNAL'S mighty presses. In this land of giant journals THE JOURNAL is now admitted to be
The First Newspaper.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

ONE CENT
Is worth only half as much as
TWO CENTS,
But it will buy THE JOURNAL,
which is infinitely better
than any two-cent paper
published.



CAST INTO JAIL BY SPANIARDS.

Walter Grant Dygart, an
Innocent American, Im-
prisoned in Cuba.

Government Officials Gave Out
He Was "El Inglesito," a
Famous Rebel Officer.

But He Is a Young Westerner Who
Had Not Been on the Island
Over Two Weeks.

CONSUL WILLIAMS WAS FAR TOO BUSY

Had So Much Work to Do He Could Not
Find Time to Cable to This Country
and Verify Statements Made
by the Prisoner.

The Spanish authorities in Cuba have
once more shown their utter contempt
for the rights of American citizenship
by throwing into the prison at Guines
Walter Grant Dygart, a young man
from Illinois, whom they charged with
being an insurgent sympathizer.

The evidence against the man, who,
it was announced, was the notorious
"Inglesito" (an ex-bandit now holding
a command in the rebel army), was
puerile. But it was sufficient excuse
for the Spaniards to throw an innocent
United States citizen into one of their
dungeons whose horrors our former
correspondent at Havana, Mr. Charles
Nicholson, has described to readers of
the Journal.

The American Consul at Havana
says he is too busy at present to look
into Mr. Dygart's case.

The Journal calls attention to this
gross case of Spanish defiance of the
rights of an American citizen, and to
our Consul's alleged inability to exact
them, in order that an innocent man
may be saved from the horrors of con-
finement in a Spanish jail, and that the
State Department at Washington may
be moved into insisting that the pris-
oner shall secure justice. Dygart
should be released immediately.

THE PRISONER OF GUINES.

A Young American Who Had Only Recently
Arrived in Cuba, Thrown Into Jail on
the Most Untrustworthy Evidence

By Charles Nicholson.

An American citizen in Cuba at the present
time has to carry a chip on his shoulder
from morning to night or submit to
constant insult. The few Americans there
have naturally drawn together for pro-
tection and to sustain one another. In this
way life on the island is endurable. The
one subject which Americans hate to dis-
cuss is that concerning the young man in
prison at Guines. They realize that they
can do nothing for him, that he is appar-
ently forgotten of his government, and the
thought of him suffering all the discom-
forts and insults that the petty authorities
so well know how to inflict upon a defence-
less foreigner, is not one to be sought by
a man who knows he is at all times likely
to be placed in the same situation.

Walter Grant Dygart stands accused of
carrying the title of colonel in the insur-
gent army. Two witnesses have testified
that on January 3, as second in command
of a rebel column, he robbed them of
clothes and shoes and other articles that
would be of service on the march and in
camp. Notwithstanding this, Dygart is as
innocent of complicity in the present revo-
lution as the infant King of Spain him-
self. The witnesses who have identified
him as a rebel colonel are either mistaken
or have been induced to testify falsely by
the petty officers of Spanish military jus-
tice, who are severer tyrants than bloody
Weyler himself.

The young American was picked up by
the roadside near Guines some weeks ago.
Nearby, hidden in the bushes, was found
a broken Winchester rifle, but the prisoner
declares he had no knowledge of it, and
there was nothing more than mere prox-
imity to connect him with the useless
weapon.

That day the Government at Havana
gave out in an official bulletin that the
"Inglesito" had been captured and was
held for summary trial. It was not sur-
prising that the Spanish Government made
a great deal out of the capture of the
"Inglesito." For a year this rebel officer,
whose real name is Alfredo Gold, had been
bedeviling them with the most audacious
charges between their lines, raiding and
burning property actually guarded by
troops, and generally worrying the Govern-
ment.

Before the war he was reputed to be
something of a bandit, but when the rising
came he delivered himself to Gomez, de-
clared that his crusade was against the
Spaniards and not against particular persons
or property, and asked to be given a
chance to demonstrate his patriotism.
While Gomez was debating whether he
should hang him or commission him, the
Spaniards attacked the rebel column, and
Alfredo Gold so distinguished himself in
the fight that he turned the scale in his
own favor and received his commission as
colonel in the Army of Liberators.

Naturally the "Inglesito," as a romantic
character in the war, attracted a good deal
of attention, and when the tidings came
that he had been taken everybody looked
for an early daybreak execution.
But instead of the "Inglesito" the Span-
ish Government had captured Walter

Grant Dygart, a young American, who had
been on the island less than two weeks,
who did not speak a word of Spanish, and
in all probability had never seen a rebel.

The road near which he was arrested is
a broad public highway, upon which
"buses" run from Havana daily. The
world would never have known of the Gov-
ernment's mistake, and the probabilities
are that the young man would before this
have faced a Spanish execution squad, if
it had not been for the pity and the sense
of justice of some of the inhabitants of
Guines. In fact, my information is that
when the military commandant heard
that the young man had been brought in
he rebuked the officer in command of the
arresting squad, telling him that a machete
stroke was cheaper than a court-martial
and less troublesome, particularly in the
case of foreigners.

I had rather an unpleasant adventure at
Guines myself. On one occasion I rode
into the town after nightfall, and the next
morning Colonel De Leon, the alcalde,
gave orders that I be detained in the town,
apparently for no other reason than that
my business and desire called me else-
where. I got away with some difficulty
later in the day, but to the incident I
think young Dygart owes his life.

Some of the people in Guines knew of my
presence on the island, and when they saw
how things were going, came to Havana
and hunted me up to see if something could
not be done for the unfortunate American.
They risked their lives by doing this, for
according to Article 6, of the Captain-Gen-
eral's proclamation, it is against the mil-
itary law to spread by medium of the press
or otherwise any notice that tends to de-
tract from the glory of Spain, the army or
the volunteers.

As soon as I could I laid the matter be-
fore the American Consul, and he promised
to look into it as soon as the congested
state of the business of his office permitted.
Meanwhile Dygart remains in a crowded
prison, prevented from communicating with
anybody, with no friends to supply him

MRS. CALLIAS IS RETURNING HOME.

She Was P. T. Barnum's
Widow and Wedded a
Greek.

Went Abroad with Her Husband
and Avowed Her Intention
to Live in Europe.

Friends Say Surmises in Regard to
the Favored Callias Bey,
Have Been Verified.

HISTORY OF HER ROMANTIC UNION.

It is intimated that the Noble Olive Plan-
tations in the Grecian Archipelago
Are a Myth—How Their Trouble
Is Said to Have Started.

Bridgeport, Conn., March 8.—Disquieting
rumors—that is, discrediting to the many
friends of Mrs. Callias—have for some
time reached here from the far off island
of Meletia, which seem to show that all
was not as happy in the Aegean Sea as it
might be. The rumors have been to the
effect that Mrs. Barnum's second marriage
had not met all of her anticipations, and
while there may be no solid foundation for
the report, it is not denied that Mrs. Cal-
lias intends returning to this country, not-
withstanding that when she left Bridgeport
it was with the avowed intention of
remaining abroad for the rest of her life.

A HIGHWAYWOMAN CLAD IN BLOOMERS.

The Famous Robber of Jack-
sonville, Fla., Turns Out
Not to Be a Man.

Captured After Sandbagging a
Victim, Whose Outries
Brought Help.

Then She Was Sorry, She Said to the
Officer, That She Had Not
Used Her Pistol Instead.

HELD UP MANY NORTHERN TOURISTS.

The Frequency and Desperate Character
of Her Exploits Spread Consterna-
tion, but Could Not
Be Checked.

St. Petersburg, Fla., March 8.—The new
woman has come to the front at this place
in the shape of a highwayman. At times
she has held up certain of the Northern
tourists, who are spending the winter here,
at the point of a pistol, and at other times
she has felled them with a sandbag.

During last week four guests reported
that while out at night they had been held
up and relieved of their valuables. In each
case the robbery was accomplished on one
of the principal streets, but at an hour
when hardly any one was abroad. Accord-
ing to the stories of the victims, as they
were passing places where the shadows



Stephen Powell, the Murdered Man.

Mr. Powell was an honored and wealthy citizen of Hempstead, L. I., a merchant
and officer of the local gaslight company. He was struck down on Fulton street,
Hempstead, Saturday night, within a few rods of his own door, and died ten min-
utes after he was found. He had just received the monthly collections of the gas
company, and it is supposed that this money had excited the cupidity of his mur-
derers.

Last night, when, by a lucky chance, Police-
man Irwin captured the highwayman and
solved the mystery of that feminine voice
and those slender fingers.

The highwayman proved to be Lulu Hoff-
man, an eccentric character, aged about
forty, who lives on the outskirts of the
town. The solving of the mystery is due
to the fact that Miss Hoffman discarded
the Claude Duval method to "stand and
deliver" at the pistol's muzzle for the
sandbag. Last night, about 11 o'clock,
Mr. M. McDaniel, a tourist from Ohio,
was proceeding to the Clarendon Hotel,
where he is stopping. As he passed a
corner which was deep in shadow he was
felled by a blow from a sandbag, which
rendered him only partially unconscious.
The deft fingers of the bandit explored
the pockets and clothing of the prostrate
man, relieving him of \$300 in cash and a
gold watch. A valuable diamond stud
was also taken from his shirt front and a
handsome ring from his finger.

As the robber was hastening away Mr.
McDaniel regained consciousness and cried
for help. His cries were heard by Police-
man Irwin, who hurried to the scene and
chased the retreating robber. Irwin rap-
idly overhauled the robber, who, seeing cap-
ture imminent, turned on the officer, pistol
in hand. Irwin, however, sprang upon
the robber, knocking up the pistol as it
cracked.

Dragging the prisoner into the glare of
an electric light, Irwin was amazed to dis-
cover that his highwayman was Lulu Hoff-
man. The woman was dressed in rather
close fitting bloomers and boots. She wore
a velvet shooting coat and a slouch
hat, which gave her a remarkably bandit
appearance. She took her arrest coolly and
said if she had used her pistol on McDaniel
instead of the sandbag, her capture would
not have resulted. The valuables taken
from McDaniel were restored and when
he learned that his robber was a woman he
refused to prosecute.

Mrs. Hoffman confessed that she had
robbed the other tourists, and she led the
officers to where the valuables taken were
concealed. They were secured and re-
stored. The woman is undoubtedly de-
mented. She has been a great reader of
"yellow back" literature, and has fre-
quently been heard to say that Claude Du-
val and Dick Turpin were her heroes.
Asked why she played the highwayman,
she replied that she was dying of ennui,
and longed for excitement. She has long
been noted for her eccentricities, but no
one ever imagined that those eccentricities
would lead her to play the role of lone
highwayman. She is in charge of the offi-
cers, but it is not likely that prosecution
will be pushed.

MR. BOPEL'S HAT IN A PIPE.

The Wind Blew It There at the Bridge
Entrance and a Boy Crawled in
After It.

While the wind was at its highest last
night a crowd was collected at the en-
trance to the Brooklyn Bridge.

trance to the Brooklyn Bridge around a
pile of sewer pipe about six feet high and
ten feet long.

Mr. Christian Bopel had just had his hat
blown off his head, and it disappeared in
the pile of pipe. Mr. Bopel jabbed his
walking cane into one pipe after another,
but couldn't feel it, and it was too dark to

see.

Finally a friend went to one end and lit
matches while Bopel looked through the
pipes in turn at the other end. In about
ten minutes the hat was located in one of
the pipes, out of reach of a cane, and Mr.
Bopel paid a newsboy a dime to crawl in
after it. Then Mr. Bopel went over to
the end of the pipe where the hat was
found.

Mr. Bopel's hat was found lying between the small tree and telegraph
pole, with the legs extending across the sidewalk.

Where Mr. Powell Was Found.

The form of the dying man was found lying between the small tree and telegraph
pole, with the legs extending across the sidewalk.

Eglau's purse in the building where he
was killed. It is declared by many who
are now in custody of the Long Island
murder that there is much to indicate
that the three recent tragedies—the one
in New York, the one in Paterson and the
one in Hempstead—may have been the
work of the same maniac's hand.
Powell was the secretary and super-



Mrs. Callias.

Callias Bey.

The widow of P. T. Barnum, who wedded a Greek, is said to be returning to her home in Bridgeport. Rumors are rife
there that her marriage has not been all that was anticipated and that her married life has not proved as completely happy
as she had hoped for.

with the trifles that make imprisonment
bearable.

The Consul knows that it is a matter of
physical impossibility that Dygart should
have been where the witnesses say he
robbed them on the 2d of January, because
in his pockets were documents proving that
he did not leave the United States until
the middle of February, about two weeks
before his arrest. He knows that a simple
cablegram would produce the evidence of
Dygart's birth in the United States, and his
lack of complicity in the Cuban rebellion.

In fact, on February 15 Dygart was in
the American Consulate at Havana, and in
response to his request that he be reg-
istered as an American citizen, he was told
that no registration was necessary for a
transient resident, and yet before the
month was out he was jailed on a trumped-
up charge.

He has been harshly treated, marched
through the streets, bound and guarded, in-
sulted by the Spanish population, and given
no chance at all in accordance with the
usual procedure. There was even a grum-
bling protest from Madrid that his Ameri-
can citizenship should, according to the
treaty, give him a civil trial.

Nearly all these facts have come within
my personal knowledge, and the rest I am
sure of from undoubted authority.

It is about time, I think, that something
should be done to end this unjust punish-
ment of an innocent man.

DYGART'S MISSION TO CUBA.

The Young Man Went to Seek a Fortune
in the New World.

Nunda, Ill., March 8.—Walter Grant Dy-
gart, the young American confined in a
Cuban prison, is the son of Judson Dygart,
a wealthy farmer of Greenwood, McHenry
County, Ill.

He is the oldest of five brothers, and
was born in this village about twenty-six
years ago. He removed with his parents
to their present home when he was six
years old. Greenwood is a hamlet of about
two hundred people. The four other sons
are industrious farmers of that section.

Walter, up to the age of eighteen, at-
tended school at the neighboring village of
Woodstock, but one morning while riding
with his father to town suddenly informed
him that he was going to the Black Hills
in quest of a fortune. Scarcely waiting to
say farewell to his mother, he took his de-
parture and spent four years in mining
camps, taught school one winter, and
bought horse furs shipment East, losing
several hundred dollars on the last venture.

In view of these rumors a review of the
romantic circumstances leading up to the
late marriage will prove interesting.

P. T. Barnum's second wife was a beau-
tiful English girl, some thirty years his ju-
nior, and their married life of some dozen
years was a happy one. He built for her
a home at Seaside Park, according to her
own design, at a cost of nearly \$100,000,
and when he died he left her a very large
fortune, together with \$40,000 annuity. In
her beautiful home, adorned with costly
works of art and rare bric-a-brac, Mrs.
Barnum extended to her many friends an
almost royal hospitality. In public she
became a patron of the Scientific Society
and the Fairfield County Historical Soci-
ety, liberally contributing to their treas-
uries.

Occasionally Mrs. Barnum visited her
home in England and travelled through the
Continent, always taking with her some
Bridgeport young lady to whom she acted
as chaperone. During one of these trips
Mrs. Barnum met, at Cairo, a Greek gen-
tleman named Demitrios Callias Bey, who,
it was reported, had extensive olive plan-
tations on the island of Meletia, in the
Grecian Archipelago. After Mrs. Barnum's
return to America the Bey called upon her
at her Bridgeport home, but in so informal
a manner that none of her most intimate
friends suspected that she and the Bey
were more than friends.

Great was the surprise, therefore, of her
Bridgeport acquaintances when it was an-
nounced that on August 8, 1885, a very
quiet wedding had taken place in New York
at the Greek Church. The bridesmaids
were Miss Carrie Leigh and Miss May Reed,
of Bridgeport, both of whom had travelled
as friends of Mrs. Barnum. Previously
there was a civil ceremony performed by
an Alderman in the office of Attorney
George P. Ingersoll. The day before an
anti-nuptial agreement had been executed
by Judge Ingersoll, of New Haven, by
which Mrs. Barnum reserved her legal rights
to her own estate. So quietly had the court-
ship been carried on and the plans ar-
ranged that even Mrs. Barnum's confi-
dential agent, Benjamin J. Fish, her own
cousin, knew nothing of what was in an-
ticipation until he received a telegram to
come to New York and attend the cere-
mony. In view of the fact that the Bey
spoke very little English, the conversation
between the two being conducted in French,
and that his methods were not after the
English or American ideal, Mrs. Barnum's
friends in Bridgeport shook their heads
dubiously and prophesied that the alliance

were deep, the highwayman stepped from a
place of concealment, thrust a pistol into
their faces and commanded them to "stand
and deliver." In each case the tourists
stood, and some of them "delivered."
Others, who hesitated about turning over
their money, jewelry or other valuable
were quickly relieved by the deft fingers of
the lone highwayman. After going through
a victim the highwayman would order him
to march off, warning him that a single
backward look would be answered by a bul-
let.

The victims could give but an imperfect
description of the highwayman, but all
agreed that the robber's voice was singu-
larly like that of a woman, and that
the fingers were slender and feminine.
Much alarm was occasioned by the fre-
quency of the "hold-ups," and the officers
on their nettle searched high and low for
clues that would lead to the detection of
the mysterious disciple of Dick Turpin.

The search was in vain, however, till



JACK WAYNES.

The Negroes Arrested by the Hempstead Authorities for the Murder of Stephen Powell.



ARTHUR MAYHEW.

These pictures are of the men in jail.



VAN RENSSELAER SIMPSON.